A DEAD MARCH.

From The Overland Monthly. Be hushed all voices and untimely laughter. Let no least word be lightly said In the awful presence of the dead. That slowly, slowly, this way comes.— Arms piled on coffin, comrades marching after. Colors reversed, and muffled drums.

Be bared all heads,—feet, the procession fellow Throughout the stilled and sorrowing town,— Weep woful eyes, and be cast down; Trend softly, till the bearers stop Isider the cypress in the shadowy hollow, While last night fades o'er mountain-top.

Lay down your burden here, whose life hath journeyed Afar, and where ye may not wot. Some little while around this spot Be requiems sung and prayers low-said, Dead leaves disturbed, and clammy earth upturned,—Then in his grave dead Love is laid.

Fling them upon him-withered aspirations, And battered hopes, and broken yows; Fing them upon him—whiterte aspects.
And battered hopes, and broken vows;
He was the last of all his house.
Hath left behind no kith nor kin;
His blood-stained arms and faded decorations.
His dinted helmet—throw them in.

And all the time the twilit skies are turning To sulion ash and leaden gray. Place the sods on him-come away, in vain upon his name you call.—Though you all night should cry with bitter yearning, He would not heed nor hear at all.

Pass homeward now, in musing melancholy, To find the house enfilled with gloom. And no lights lit in any room, And stinging heraid drops of rain. Your empty heart be choked with anguish wholly,

Your empty heart be changed in .

-(M. C. Gillington.

FUN WITH THE MILITIA.

SOME ANECDOTES BY CAPTAIN CHARLES KING, U. S. A.

WHAT AN INSPECTOR FOUND ON HIS ROUNDS-

SOME ORIGINAL MANOEUVRES-

Captain King in The United Service. There was a time, years before the war, when, with broad, white crossed belts, glittering breast-plate, and low-hung cartridge-box and bayonet scabbards, with high bear-skin shakes, and the slow, stately movement of Scott's tactics, the old swallow-tailed coat looked well; but to see a swallow-tailed coat looked well; but to see a swallow-thiled coat with loose trousers, no cross-belt, no tail shakos, nothing but a waist-belt and a forage-cap, the thing seemed incongruous to the last degree; but that was the way Mr. X. found many of the companies of the State when he made

his rounds in 1885.

As luck would have it, one of the first companies visited was the "Veteran Rifles," which had been pronounced by General Blank, three years before, the equals of the New-York 7th, and, quite possibly, had so considered themselves ever since.

possibly, had so considered themselves ever since. The captain met the new inspector with a fine flourish, at the door of the armory, and informed him that the boys were ready whenever he chose to appear. The inspector told the captain that he would like him to dismiss his company, and then let him see the first sergeant form it and call the roll. Ranks being broken, the first sergeant rave the command, "Fall in, Veteran Rifles," and the men took their places in rank, not without considerable pushing and an infinite amount of looking about, laughing and talking. The file-closers made no attempt to check this performance, the lieuteanuts fell in with the file-closers, and the captain stood with folded check this performance, the lieutenants fell in with the file-closers, and the captain stood with folded arms where he could look on, but in no way did he interfere with the work of the omnipotent "orderly." That official stepped down the line, and, not being satisfied with the positions of some of the men, took them severally by the sleeves of their coats, dragged them out of the column of files, towed them to some other point, and squeezed them in. Finally, having the men placed in accordance with his ideas, the first sergeant gave the command. "Left face: support arms. Attention to roll-call." And the first name called was that of Captain —, next Lieutenaut Brown, then Lieutenant Jones, and each of these commissioned officers obediently and promptly answered "Here" at the beck of the first sergeant.

When the captain was requested to give his

wered "Here" at the beck of the first sergeant. When the captein was requested to give his authority afterward for this somewhat unusual method, he replied that they had always done it, and that nobody had ever found fault with it, and it was considered the proper thing. After the inspection, which went off without any further remarks on the part of the inspecting officer, who preferred to see how things would go without any interference, the captain gave the command, "Rest": and Mr. X. proceeded to jot down in his note-book the number of men not properly shaved, boots not blacked, dirty or torn gloves, coats not buttoned, fancy neckties, jewelled scarf-pins, and other unorthodox points which had attracted his attention.

The captain was then directed to put his company through the manual of arms, part of which was very prettily done. The firings were unique, especially the loadings. Firing by company was certainly a simultaneous performance. Then the paptain "ordered arms," and gave his men another rest

"You have only given the firing by company, captain," said the inspector. "Let me see them fire by file."

"Well, colonel, that's something we've never "Well, colonel, that's something we've never practised," said the captain. "There's nothing soldierly in that: there's no snap or unanimity in it, and it only demoralizes the poys to give them things that they don't do exactly together." Never mind, captain, give the command for firing by file, and let's see what they will do."

"But the captain didn't know how to give a command for firing by file, neither could be give the commands for oblique firings, nor for firing kneeling, and, fortunately for him, firing lying down was not demanded.

The movements of the company in columns of

down was not demanded.

The movements of the company in columns of fours and platoons were next required, and here it was found that the captain, though possessing a fine and ringing voice, was utterly independent of the tactics as to his commands. They were a mixture of Scott, Casey and Knight Templar or broomebrigade tactics, Mr. X. couldn't tell which, and finally he stopped the captain and told him that that was very pretty as far as it went, but that he would like to see some movements that would test the knowledge of the company.

So long as the company was permitted to "gang its ain gait" and put up an exhibition or "go-

So long as the company was permitted to "gang its ain gait" and put up an exhibition or "go-as-you-please" drill, the movements were certainly so smoothly done that the array of spectators applauded vigorously, and Captain — looked flushed with success, despite the shortecomings in the firings. Presently the company executed on right into line from column of fours in very pictiv style. Each set as it halted making a soul-stirring stamp that reminded Mr. X. of the hussar "orderly" who delivered all the messages in "La Grande Duchesse de Gerolstein." Then, with a simultaneous bang, arms were brought to the order. The room shook with applause, and the captain, mopping the perspiration from his brow, triumphantly accosted the inspector with, "How's that?"

Mr. X. thought it was all very pretty, but Mr. X. thought it was all very prefty, but tensured to inquire where the stamp was found in the pages of Upton. The captain did not know, but considered it an improvement on the tactics. "You don't object to our doing anything better than the book, do you?" he asked.

"No," said Mr. X. "But unluckily the President scens to have a prejudice against it, and the Secretary of War—two of them, in fact—prohibits my exercise or evolution not embraced in the tactics."

the Secretary of War-two of them, in helpprohibits any exercise or evolution not embraced
in the tactics."

"Well," answered the captain, "we haven't
introduced any exercise or evolution' in that
stamp. It's pretty, and it pleases the boys and
catches the crowd, like the twelve counts in load.

It makes 'em take more pains with their drill,"

"All the same," responded Mr. X., "it should
not be done, simply because it isn't in the tactics."

"Well-but look here, colonel, "replies the crack
drillmaster of Pecatonica County. "I don't question your authority in the least, and that stamp
shall be stepped, but, if you are going to prohibit
our doing an thing on drill that is not affirmatively prescribed in the tactics, how the mischief
am I to get the men's heads up again after rest on
arms? Paragraph 91 don't provide for it, and
if we carry out that iron-clad rule, we'd
have the whole company hanging their heads,
like so many naughty boys after they had come
to the carry, How can I get my licentenants
in front of their platoons when I'm moving in
double time, company front, and want to break

"The inspector fairly chuckles: "Captain ——,

facing in the same direction, how would you do
it in the quickest way?"
"Face it to the left. Then by the left flank,
march, halt, and about face," answered the caption triumphants.

"Face it to the left. Then by the left flank, march, halt, and about face," answered the captain, triumphantly.

"Well, that would certainly be one way of doing it; but I meant that you should utilize the sets of fours. The tacties do not contemplate marching any distance in a column of files. Men are almost sure to lose distance."

"Mine don't. They can march a mile lock-stepped like so many convicts. Here. I'll show you," And the captain whipped out his sword and was about to call his company to attention, but the inspector told him ocular demonstration would be unnecessary on that point.

"Just execute these movements, captain"; and Mr. X. jotted down on a card, "Fours left; then left front into line. Fours right about; then left forward, fours left. On left into line. Left by platoons; then form company to the front."

The captain shook his head as he looked at the card. "I'll try it, if you say so," he said; "but the boys will think it's mighty queer."

Evidently they did, for in two minutes the Rifles were tangled up in a hard knot and confusion was worse confounded. A little later, when the company was straightened out and marching gallantly in column of fours "right in front," the inexerable inspector told the captain to form line to the right front. Obeliently that officer shouted, "Right front into line:" but, true to their years of practice, the men obliqued to the left and came up on the wrong flank.

"Try it a ain, sir," was the order; and this time, though with much hesitation and some disorder, the line was formed.

"Try it a and came up on the wrong mans.

"Try it a an in. sir." was the order: and this time, though with much hesitation and some disorder, the line was formed.

Up comes a prominent citizen, an old soldier, a gallant war veteran, who proudly wears his G. A. R. badge, and is a local authority on all matters military. He has been loudly condemning the captain's astonishing "break" to a knot of crestfallen friends of that officer and the reporter of the local paper is jetting down his words. A young gentleman in the neat uniform of the State University battalion ventures to put in a word in the captain's defence. "It is perfectly right according to tactics," he says, "to form line to front either by right or left oblique."

""Rah! I never heard of such a thing. Any old soldier will teil you that when the right is in front you must come up on the right. Here, I'll prove it by the colonel," he says; and a rest having been ordered in the mean time, the old major comes up to prove his point, and the crowd follows.

"I've just been telling these gentlemen the

T've just been telling these gentlemen the captain made a big mistake in several of those orders. It was his fault that there was confusion. The company tried to do right."

"No, major, the captain's orders were according to the necessary tried."

orders. It was his fault that there was confusion. The company tried to do right."

"No, major, the captain's orders were according to the present tactics—"

"But I learned my drill over twenty-five years ago. I was in the regular army before I went in the volunteers, and I know it's wrong."

Mr. X. has no time to explain that he, too, learned the drill twenty-five years ago, and was in the regular army. The veteran shouts his views for the benefit of his fellow-citizens, and then bursts indignantly through the crowd and makes his way out of the building. It is his conviction, and doubtless that of the pooulace, that the inspector is an ignoramus who knows nothing whatever of the tactics. Indeed, the reporter is all prepared to "show him up" in the local paper, but, bucklify for the reputation of that unfortunate officer, the editor binself is a looker-on, and it occurs to him to make some inquiries and to "search the scriptures military."

There is no parade to the music of Zimmerman's band, no speech-making at Schlaeger's, no cheering the inspector. He leaves town to go to the next station, leaving behind him a community impressed with the idea that he has put their pet company in a very wrong light, and knows nothing whatever of his business.

But next year the Rifles drill just as well by the left as by the right flank. The men have found out there are two ends to the company, and that there is a heap more to the tactics than was surposed. The inspector is received without enthusiasm, of course, for the populace maintains that he has just ruined the drill of flat company. "They used to come to every motion of the load exactly together. They could fix and unfix bavenets just click, click, click—like that. It was ten times better than it is now, and they would stand no chance whatever in a competitive drill."

Distinctly, then, in standing up for the abolition of the old militia ways. Mr. X was undergoing the trials of the reformer as well as one of those of the staff-offier. Pretty much every company had son

After the inspection, which went off without any further remarks on the part of the inspecting officer, who preferred to see how things would go without, any interference, the captain gave the command, "Rest": and Mr. X. proceeded to jot down in his note-book the number of men not properly shaved, boots not blacked, dirty or torn gloves, coats not buttoned, fancy necktles, jewelled scarf-pins, and other unorthodox points which had attracted his attention.

A reporter stepped up and blandly inquired what he thought of the boys, and the inspector informed the reporter that he could tell more about it when he got through with them.

During the inspection several men, chewing tobacco, were expectorating freely over the floor and exchanging remarks with their comrades in the line as to the appearance of certain of the spectators and the somewhat unusual movements of the new colonel.

The captain was then directed to put his company through the respectators are the floor that he colonel that the colonel paper through the respectators are the floor and "Kanpsack rest!" carry the rifle horizontally at the back of the neck, both hands holding it is that position. Of carried the things to the appearance of the new colonel. The state of the control of the cont

Rifles? the old Governor need look for no "votes" from their districts if he came up for re-clection, and that abstite feeder of the public pulse was not a little discomposed.

Once, after an exhibition of almost total frommore of the tactics on the part of the centain and lieutenants of one of these commands, the inspector was cautioned by a civil official to "be very careful what he said about that company. They are all but three of them——," and the official gave the name of the political party then in nower. Mr. X. said he could not see what that had to do with the question of their efficiency or non-efficiency as State troops, and the gentleman replied that, while it should have nothing to do with the cuestion, it did have a great deal.

Another officer, found to be grievously ignorant of the tactics, excused himself, because his men "were workingtonen and couldn't get around." Mr. X. pointed out that the best-instructed company in the district, if not in the State, was made up entirely of workingmen, and that he any event that was no excuse for the captain's ignorance of bis own duties; but the reply was too much for the inspector.

"Well you see it's this way, colonel: I'm so worried all the time lest they should go wrong that I don't think of my own commands."

Then, what a time we had when getting rid of the tail-cour! What a "kick" there was when first it was announced that new companies must, adopt the uniform of the regular service and nothing else, and old companies would be required to provide themselves therewith as soon as their original dress should be worn out! Yet, when those neat, soldierly, dark-blue tunies with the white pipings and facings appeared on guard and parade in camp, the prejudice disappeared. Three and for many was able to incorporate these complished regular sent to observe the work of each regulars, and could not fast enough learn to carry themselves my before the three words!

I believe that the Wisconsin National Guard will compare favorably with any State troops in the coun

that has been our end and aim for years past.

The inspector fairly chuckles: "Captain—.

I'm delighted to see you are so close a student of the tactics. Don't ask me to supply their short-comings, but stick as close to the text as you can without being guilty of manifest absurdities. Now, by the way, I notice that all your movements have been by the right flank. It has been fours right, right by platoons on right into line, right forward, fours right, etc. Now let me see some movements the other way."

"Well, now, colonel, we never do that," said the captain, with a laugh. "You see, it kind o' breaks the boys all up. You can 'get there' just as quick by the right flunk, and then they always know just what to expect, and do it in handsome style."

"Well, can you 'get there' just as quick? Suppose I teil you to place your company ten yards to the left and rear of its present position, and

THAT CAROLINY GAL.

IL .

MRS. WINSLOW AND THE WIDDER DIS-

Ransom, March 13 .- "I shouldn't wonder if 'twas quite a spell before she was any comfort to ye. Did

The speaker was holding up a strip of patchwork that was drawn and puckered until it bore no semblance whatever to the precious thing it ought to have resembled. She was standing in the Widder Bijah's kitchen and the Widder Bijah was standing with her and looking at the same piece of work left by Dally's hands when the girl started for school that

"Did she do that?" repeated Mrs. Winslow, with ven more severity. Yes." said Mrs. Jacobs, "she done that, and she

eally seemed to try." Mrs. Winslow sniffed very audibly. She put down the dreadful strip of patchwork in the basket.

said there wa' n't one of her gals but could have made a whole bed-quilt long 'fore she was Dally's She said patchwork was the one thing it was necessary for a gal to know. She should have died of shame if Sarah or Marietta had done that, and she

motioned toward the basket.

"You must remember that Dally ain't had no bringing up," said Mrs. Jacobs fit a depressed manner.

"I guess there wa'n't never no Whislow but could have made calico squares in their cradles. You know

Dally's nothin' but a Caroliny gal."

"You missed it dreadfully takin' of her. I feel to thank the Lord every day that I've ben saved from

"You've a great many mercies of that kind to be thankful for," returned Mrs. Jacobs in a tone that made her caller cringe somehow, and which caused her to remember that she had, as she said, "some bread a risin', and must hurry home."

At the door she turned back to ask if it were true that Dally hadn't no last name and no father. Mrs. Jacobs's eyes flashed. The eye that naturally

squinted opened very wide.
"Yes," she answered, "it's jest as true as that your father 'n' mother quarrelled so's the neighbors had to interfere nigh every day of their lives. As for my part. I'd just as lives have no father at all as one hat'd beat his wife with a beef's tongue, 's your' usedier; 'n' milk palls throwin' at her head!" Mrs. Winlow glared a moment, and then she hurried

away, while Mrs. Jacobs went back to her kitchen and sat down to repent of her hasty speech.

she took up the poor little puckered sewing and oked at it. As she did so she recalled how Dally had cried because she couldn't make it even; how the small fingers had trembled in anxiety as they

Mrs. Jacobs has now had Dally nearly two weeks. and those weeks had been one round of excite-ment for the Yankee woman who had never con-ceived that any human creature could be quite so emorant and shiftless as this child was. Was it posble that there were people in the world who didn't sable that there were people in the world who ddin't know how to mix doughnuts; who thought corn bread was better than "light bread"; who called tomatoes "poma-toes"; who spoke of nothing as "meat" but lacon; who asked where things "were at"; who called going to meeting "gwine to preachin"; who called harness "the gears"; who spoke of kindling a lamp as "makin" er light."

Mrs. Jacobs dared not go on with this hind of meditation, for she felt if she did so she should founder hopelessly in the accumulation of memories of the strange things Dally was saving and doing all

only the picht before, it was not until Dally had gor to bed that she remembered that she had not brought in the dry wood for making the fire in the morning, suddenly Mrs. Jacobs saw a figure with bare feet and in its night gown flying through the hitchen and out of doors. Before she could collect herself and follow. Dally had returned, bearing an armful of "pine trash."
"I done forgot ter tote thur wood, she explained.

the must be brought and her feet washed.

"Mighty King;" she cried out at last, "we dond

"Tain't nothin' yo've done," she hastened to say, "but I war er thinkin' that mabby yo' couldn't hev both, er puppy an' Barker, an' I'd hev Barker though I do lury pups so! Ef yo' could hev him,

Jacobs, in great surprise. left thur when thur lady took me." Barber.

"Kind of er heifer," repeated Mrs. Jacobs, "I thought you said he was your brother."

"Yes, ma'am. He is. But ole Tid, an' they, use ter call him 'Yo' sullen heifer, yo'.' But it war the way he war brought urp."

"I d'know what you mean."
"I mean they didn't like him," replied Dally, un-

"I mean they didn't like him," replied Dally, unable to explain that in North Carolina to call a person "a heifer," and particularly if you prefix the word "seilen," is to use a term of great reproach.

Mrs. Jacobs tucked the clothes round the girl, lissed her and told her they wouldn't talk any more that night.

It was all this, and more, which Mrs. Jacobs was thinking about as she sat idle for a full half-hour after Mrs. Winslow left her. She did not wonder that the neighbors pitled her, and thanked God they had been spared "takin' of Dally." But, as the

lonely woman told herself, "they only saw the trial part of it; they didn't know anything about the comfort of it." What could they know of the thrill of long unused tenderness that woke in that heart when Dally put her arms round Mr. Jacobs's neck and kissed her with a lavish fondness that could not be other than real?

The widow suddenly flung out one hand with a rare impetuousness of gesture.

"I don't care what they think, or what they say!" she cried. "I guess I know what I'm about, 'n' i'll keep the child if it kills me!" "It was really very wearing, however, to find the "There was a smile all around, and a young man in There was a smile all around, and a young man in There was a smile all around, and a young man in There was a smile all around, and a young man in

We use our britches places of the which which who had nocked to think, and the plaid trousers humorously asked; who had nocked the which which who had nocked to the which which which had nocked to the plaid trousers humorously asked; who had nocked to the plaid trousers humorously asked; who had nocked to the plaid trousers humorously asked; who had nocked to the plaid trousers humorously asked; school, that the dinner dishes which she had packed into the sink to be washed were all gone. She knew Dally had not washed them. But where were they ! Mrs. Jacobs had just returned from running across the road to see how Miss Bentley was. Dally en-

"We do our thinking with our breeches pockets, do well"
"To a very consideable extent we do," answered thele Jabez seriously. "Et you don't happen to be lieve it, you jest set here in this gallery a few days an' watch the men who are elected to do the thinking for this country. Now, there's seniter Evarts, fer instance, an' he does a heap o' mightly hefty thinking too, I kin tell you—you jest keep yer eye on him, an' you'il notice that when they's some questions up that he's interested in he winds one leg clear around the other, an' soaks his hand clean down into his britches pocket as fer as it'll go, an' sets thur an' thinks like sixty. I've noticed that every time he sets that way it's been sort o' risky business fer any other seniter to stir him up. He seems to keep a built pockettin o' his best thoughts down there, an' when he sets with his hand on 'em he kin jump up an' scatter a han'ful of 'em over the Senit 'thout losing any time at all." tered the house at about the same time, and was singing a camp-meeting tune. When asked where the dishes were, she responded promptly that she had just put them "in thur branch."

Poor Widder 'Bijah sat down suddenly, feeling weak and helpless. She asked what the branch was, and after some explanation she understood that it was the brook which ran at the foot of the hill back of the house. The dishes, including silver spoons, were de-posited in the stream that the running water might clean them. Not only had Dally done this thing, but she had advised Marietta Winslow to use the branch near her house for the same purpose, as dish-washing was so tiresome. The two girls were going to report to each other at school on Monday. But they were

From The Overland Monthly. not obliged to wait until Monday.

Before Dally and her friend could start to the brook in the hope of saving at least the spoons, the door was flung violently open, and Mrs. Winslow, gripping her daughter Marietta by the hand, entered.

Mrs. Jacobs immediately rose to the occasion. She felt that she might be put down by some folks, but not by old Silas Jones's daughter. She told Mrs. Winslow she hoped she'd set right down and make her a little visit.

Mrs. Winslow snorted. She seemed struggling to speak coherently. At last she said it wa'n't no time for visitin'; that she s'posed all her pink chiny was gone to the old Harry, to say nothin' of her grand-"'N' all owin' to that Caroliny gal," pointing at Dally, who had exchanged one anxious glance with Marietta, and now stood with a flushed face and drooped head.

Mrs. Jacobs was very caim, and almost sweet, as she advised her caller to wait a few minutes till she could speak a little plainer, 'n' not come so nigh swearin'.

Mrs. Winslow swallowed two or three times before she could say that she come to tell Miss Jacobs that if she caught that Dally ever speakin' to her Marietta or any of her children agin, she would-she would-- " here she swallowed again and grew purple th the face, and could not finish her sentence.

Mrs. Jacobs waited in the same calm way. Mrs.

Winslow twitched her daughter round toward the door and then was able to say, over her shoulder: We had comp'ny to dinner, 'n' so 'twas our pink

chiny that went into the brook." Mrs. Jacobs followed the woman to the door. "I should of thought," she said, commiseratingly, that a gal brought up like your Marietta wouldn't have put chiny into no brook."

THE KING IN THULE.

MARGARET'S SONG IN "FAUST." Reigned a monarch once in Thule, Constant even to the grave. Whom his mistress, loving truly, When she died the goblet gave.

Naught on earth so highly prizing, off he drained it 'mid his peers, And as off her image rising Mide his fond eyes rush with tears,

so, his last when he was breathing Summed he his possessions up. Freely to his heirs bequeathing Towns and tower—but hot her cup.

With his knights and barons loyal To the banquet hall came he, Down there in the eastle royal of his fathers, by the sea.

There the old caronser swallowed one does draught to leave his blo Then, with trembling hand, that hallo Challes flung upon the floid. Drooped his old eyes, wan and winking,
As he marked it in the main,
splashing, shivering, filling, sinking,
Never drank he drop again,
T. W. PARSONS.

AN UNUSUAL RANK

From The Chicago Tribune.

William Murray, a guest of the Grand Pacific, who is one of the biggest linen manufacturers in Ireland, tells a story which has a local interest.

"You hear of any number of bogus noblemen in this country," said Mr. Murray in the horel rotunda last evening, "but an American who affects a title in the old World is somewhat rare. A year ago this summer I arrived at a little town in the South of Ireland called Dungarwan. The people were excited over the presence of an American official. Flags were flying bands playing, and everything was gav. As I was somewhat acquainted with the United States, I asked the name of the guest so royally entertained. No body knew, except that he was one of the biggest men of the United States and a native of Ireland. Ethowing my way through the crowd I went to the little hotel, and there learned that I was to have the honor of being under the same roof with an official who stood next to the President of the United States. I went to the register to see if the Vice-President was there, and to my surprise saw this on the books:

"Redmond Sheridan, Chicago, III., Alderman of America." are women first began learning how to operate the thought of thur when thur lady took me."

It hinks, Jacobs shrank from the thought of arker.

Is he like you? said the other, smiling.

An' think's likely," said the other, smiling.

An' folks use ter say he war kind of er heifer, or know."

ARE WOMEN SMARTER THAN MEN!

From The Chicago Tribune.

From the Julian the packed in pac

SENATOR EVARTS'S "BRITCHES" POCKET. From The Washington Post.

"What is the greatest distinctively American con-venience?"

1 asked this question in the Senate gallery.

"The bath," said a pale man with a light-blue necktie.

BLAZERS AND JACKETS.

QUEER EPISODES OF WAR TIMES

AT A HANGING AND AFTER.

WHAT YACHTSMEN AND TENNIS PLAYERS MAY WEAR.

OPPORTUNITIES TO EXERCISE TASTE AND ORIGINALITY IN SELECTING OUTFITS-

THINGS TO BE AVOIDED.

Ever since yachting became a popular sport in America the fashions in yachting clothes have been care fully studied by the men who care to be well and aptroduction of lawn tennis, fashions in tennis clothes be came of importance, and inasmuch as many men who never play tennis wear blazers and flannels, the "right thing" in those cool and comfortable costumes is of pretty general interest. For yachting, women have a octter chance to display ingenuity in dress than men. The ladies' tailor often displays ingenuity for them. and in the majority of cases does it surprisingly well. The devotees of riding say that a pretty girl never shows to better advantage than in a well-fitted habit, but the yachtsmen are just as positive that she, the beautiful picture, is best framed in a "reefer" and

jaunty yacht-cap.

Men who are members of yacht clubs, of course, wear their club uniforms. The unattached yachtsmen, those who only go a yachting when asked, or those who own boats but are not members of any of the clubs, are at liberty to get themselves up as their individual tastes may dictate. Sometimes the result of following the dictation is decidedly funny and curiously inappropriate. First and foremost the yachtsman's costume should be calculated to stand weather. It should also be constructed to stand wear, for when on board a yacht at sea obviously it cannot be sent by a fleet necessary repairs. If the day be fine, it is anything but pleasant to stop in a stuffy cabin and sew, and the yachtsman who bears this in mind does well.

A YACHTING COSTUME.

The unattached vachtsman who does not want to copy too closely the club uniforms will wear a double-breasted suck coat, with perfectly plain black vulwaistcoat and trousers will be navy blue flannel, and if the best quality is purchased it will only be economy. Invariably the pockets of the jacket should be provided with flaps, but those of the walstcoat may be improtected without any violation of fashion's pre-cepts. The principal object of the flaps is protection against rain or spray, and since in wet weather the coat is worn buttoned, walstcoat flaps are unnecessary. The cap should be of navy blue cloth with a visor, but caps of white, buff and other colors are worn and smooth and durable cloth, and should fit somewhat more closely than a hat for ordinary purposes. vacht-cap that exhibits a tendency to be blown off is almost as objectionable and annoying as a man with

AT A HANGING AND AFTER.

From The Overland Monthly:

Not satisfied with teaching us Spartan sobriety, and how soldiers in the field should try to live like gentlemen, and get fat and grow strong on a little pork and fewer beans, General W—— compelled Martin and me to assist at a hanging, very much against our inclination, and the lesson was so deeply impressed upon our minot that I have ever since carefully avoided all others in my way. It happened in this wise:

A young soldier belonging to a Kentucky regiment, while hunting in the vicinity of the camp, shot a hog rooting in the woods. The owner of the hog, a man nearly seventy years of ase, reproved him for it, saying that he was always willing to oblige the soldiers in the way of milk and butter and garden truck, such as he could spare from his own needs, but that he did not want his hogs shot down in that way. As he turned to go back to his horse, near by, the young man shot him through the back, killing him instantly.

The soldier was streeted, tried before a general court martial, and sentenced to be hanged. His regiment petitioned the general to have the sentence changed to shooting, saying that it would be a disgrace to them to have one of their number die saei an ignominious death. General W—— was inflexible, and refused to make any change in the sentence-shooting was too good for the scoundrel! Very soon after his refusal reports began to spread among the troops that some lively times might be expected at the hanging, as the kontucky regiment had made up their minds to have the best of the matter by shooting the minds to have the best of the matter by shooting the minds to have the best of the matter by shooting the minds to have the best of the matter by shooting the minds to have the only effect of these rumors upon the general was 10 strengthen his determination to give the Kentuckians a tasis of resular army discipline.

When the time came for carrying the sentence into execution he caused a scandoid to be exected on their own parade ground, in fr In the cut of his tronsers the gentleman should avoid the sesman's fashion of skin-tightness about the hips and loose flowing bottoms. The trousers, but the owner of a boat and his guests should not follow the example set by them. Trousers cut on the lines of those for ordinary street wear are pretty generally conceded that blue is the right color. The fastidious yachtsman will have them of various weights to allow for changes in temperature. The collar of the shirt should be of the farm-down pattern, and with it should be worn a blue or polka-dot necktie tied in a sallor-knot.

SHOES THAT MUST NOT BE WORN.

If a man going on hoard a yacht wishes to generate in his host an inclination to "have at him" with the first cudgel that comes to hand let him wear shoes in the leading was done, came back in answer.

Ready?

The whole regiment, 1,000 strong, cast about as one man, making a quarter face to the right, and the rifles were brought to a fail cook with two sharply defined chicks.

A short purse and the voice was heard once more, not quick and haughty as in the word of execution of a military command, but solemn and mournful:

Executioners of the law, perform your duty.

The sound of a sharp blow with a hatchef upon wood was beard. The trup door upon which the prisoner stood gave way from under his feet, and he prisoner stood gave bearing the miles of the companies. The formula he of the stood of the content of the conte

Koman striped saches a water contributed burnarwan. The people were excited over the besone of an American official. Flars were flying and spaying, and everything was gay. As I was mewhat acquainted with the United States, I asked with acquainted with the United States. I asked to of the United States and a native of Irebnol, thowing my way through the crowed I went to the bid hotel, and there learned that I was to have the old notel, and there learned that I was to have the old notel, and there learned that I was to have the old not learned that I was to have the old not to the President of the United States. I asked to the President of the United States and a native of Irebnol, though the crowed I went to the register to see if the Vice-President was ere, and to my surprise saw this on the books:

"Redmond Sheridan, Chicago, III., Alderman of merica."

No FURTHER ASSURANCE NECESSARY. This story is being told of which William Hulbert, a live year-old sen of Harry Hulbert, is the hero, I, Hulbert recently departed for Europe With his fife, William remaining belind as the guest of his try year-old sen of Harry Hulbert, is the hero, e live year-old sen of Harry Hulbert, is the hero, of William remaining belind as the guest of his try and mother. The other morning she announced to regard on at the breakfast-table: "Well, William, have just got a telegram that papa and mamma arrowed safe."

"Humph," reflied the youngster. "Didn't I know at! Didn't I pray to God that the skip wouldn't had?"

ART GALLERY STORE OF THE STREET OF THE STREE

AN EXHIBITION OF WATER COLORS, MERICAN ETCHINGS AND MEZZOTINTS, OPENS MONDAY EVENING AT 8 P. M.

From The Cincinnal Enquirer.

This story is being told of which William Hulbert, the live-year-old sen of Harry Hulbert, is the hero. Mr. Hulbert recently departed for Europe with his wife, William remaining helind as the guest of his grandmother. The other morning she announced to her grandson at the breakfast-table: "Well, William, I have just gol a telegram that papa and mamma arrived safe."